WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

Above Judea's purple-mantled plain,
There hovers still, among the ruins lone,
The spirit of the Christ whose dying moan
Was heard in heaven, and paid our debt in pain.
* * * * *
Within this house—this room—a martyr died,
A prophet of a larger liberty,
A liberator setting bondmen free,
A full-orbed MAN, above mere mortal pride.

The cloud-rifts opening to celestial glades
Oft glimpse him, and his spirit lingers still;
As Christ's sweet influence broods upon the hill
Where the red lily with the sunset fades.
—Robert Mackay in Success.

Eighteen years are but a short span for the life of any mortal, but for that of a sweet maiden, it is a mournful recollection, the memory of a fragrant breath.

Many live out their allotted three score and ten without accomplishing aught but trifles. Looking back along the line of their long career, they see nothing but a weak haze, a few faint spots, and then they pass away with no other sign that they ever filled a niche on earth, than a line on a tombstone which soon crumbles into dust.

Many have made a loud noise, hoping to thrust themselves upon the pages of history; a variety of vanity that ends as does the beatings on a bass drum, in dismal silence when the hand of the drummer is still.

There are many who have been the lowly of earth, but they have accomplished more than great conquerors, whose names are sweeter in the ears of the multitude than those of ephemeral heroes. From them have radiated good; vibrations of force and energy that have gone on down to posterity in great waves. The influence of a loving, tender mother does not end with her. The impress of her character molds her children and her children's children unto untold generations. The mourned McKinley's mother made her son. Garfield, also, was subject to the gentle sway. These men loved their chains, gloried in following the admonitions of home love, and when they came to die, and die ruthlessly, there was nothing but resignations in their souls, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," on their lips.

But for Abraham Lincoln, the mother hand that guided his steps, relinquished its clasp at a time when he needed her most. A boy of ten, and after that a heart strange to his blood. No mother of his own to witness his success; no homely, smiling old face that radiated love. Perhaps the memory of his mother kept him strong until he met one to whom he gave his whole heart, and she, taking up the thread of his life strengthened it for all time.

Abe Lincoln worshiped the ground Ann Rutledge trod, but her heart was not her own, it had gone into the keeping of one unworthy. Still the youthful Abe pleaded his cause, and in his simple, noreath way, offered her his heart and hand.

It was a balmy June day in 1839. A lovely maid and a homespun youth were still a beneath the shade of a maple tr e digging pebbles into the waters of the Sangamon; she poking the point of her parasol into the yielding soil.

"With you by my side, Ann, I can become something. Sometimes the fire of ambition burns strong within me, but I have no incentive, and it turns to ashes. I am studying, Ann, studying all that man can know, and my muscles are aching for work."

He arose and stood over her, being his long, lanky arms. The unsightly figure, like some huge bird flapping its wings, brought a smile to her lips, but the smile was changed to a tear, which Abe, looking down, noticed, and down he sat in front of her, taking her unresisting hand in his own. The girl hung her head.

"Ann, sweet Ann, could you not love me in time? I will wait years if I must, but the hope that the waiting will end in your love will nerve me to scale the heights of man's ambition."

But still the girl held her peace and sat with hanging head. A thought passed through Abe's mind; it was a spasm, it chilled him, but he was brave.

"Am I unlovable, Ann? Am I so uncouth, so ungainly that a woman cannot find it in her heart to love me?"

This brought the face of Ann Rutledge up, and she faced him with her sweet eyes swimming. Placing her hand gently on his shoulder she said:

"You are a man, Abe, that some women would die for. I see in what you are pleased to call your ungainly form, a soul superior to its mortal form, a soul superior to its mortal shell. I look beyond your body and see a great heart, a man. My little knowledge of history has told me that it is such men as you who accomplish a high destiny. I have watched you, Abraham Lincoln, and if I did not feel and know that you are above other men, I would never have trusted myself to your companionship. But my heart, Abe, my heart has gone from me. It has followed the way of all women's hearts and must follow its destiny. I love another, Abe."

Lincoln's head drooped upon his breast and he was silent for some moments. At last raising his eyes he looked down into her soul.

"Ann Rutledge, you are truth itself and I must believe you, but your words are as bitter as death to me. I feel helpless, Ann, and I despair."

Ann Rutledge looked at him earnestly for a moment. She knew his history, his struggles, his privations and that he was self-made. Her heart yearned toward him, but her love was another's. Taking his great hand between her two soft ones she smiled, though a tear drop was glistening on her eyelid.

"He a man, my friend; the wind bloweth where it listeth, you taught me that, and the thistle down of a woman's heart is at its beck. You love me, Abe?"

Lincoln looked at her with so pitiful an expression mingled with entreaty, that she broke into tears.

"I understand you, my friend, and though I cannot fathom the depth of a man's love, yet judging from the affection I have for another, I would die if bereft of it. Do not think, my friend, that I do not love you, for I do, but not in the way you wish. If I can not be that, must our hearts be severed or shall they stand upon the same plane and be a mutual help to each other? If aught fateful should come to me, I will send for you as the only one I would care to confide in. Will that comfort you?"

"It must, Ann, since there is no other way, and though I pray that nothing will ever bruise your heart and make it bleed, I am selfish enough to feel a suspicion of hope that if it will bring me to your side to be the healing physician, it can come none too soon."

Ann's loving friendship somewhat relieved Lincoln's despair. He knew the man she loved, and suspected that the lover would prove recreant. This gave him hope which still further took the weight from his heart. But he did not know Ann Rutledge. She was truth itself, as Lincoln had said, and when her lover betrayed her, as he did without compunction, her broken heart wrecked her frail body and she gradually faded away into the shadows. She sent for Lincoln and he hurried to her bedside.

Little is known of this last earthly interview between two hearts that understood each other when too late. Small glimpses of it were caught by Lincoln's most intimate friend at various periods of his after life, just enough to show that the influence of Ann Rutledge guided him always.

The friends of the dying girl left the two alone, and it was then that she, with the prescience of the departing, soothed and strengthened him to bear the burdens that were to fall upon his shoulders. There was stillness for at least two hours, when loud sobs and broken utterances called in the family, who found the stricken man holding the inanimate clay of his beloved in his arms begging her to return to him and not leave him alone.

For many days after that, Lincoln wandered about alone, moody and misanthropic, sometimes working himself into such a frenzy that his friends watched him closely, fearing that he would try to follow the girl. He refused to attend her funeral, preferring to wander in the forest, swinging his long arms and muttering to himself.

By and by he grew calm and less morose, but there was always a cloud


He rose and stood over her.

of melancholy hanging over him, its shadow often passing over his face when conversing with intimates. At such times he would cease talking, his eyes would close and an expression of sadness spread over his countenance. After remaining thus for some moments, he would open his eyes, give himself a shake and resume the conversation where it had stopped, or perhaps say: "I must tell you a little story."

In 1840, Lincoln wooed Mary Todd, a Kentucky girl, and the wedding was set for January 1, 1841, but Lincoln did not appear. The bride, guests and supper were waiting, but the groom came not. He was found the next morning wandering the streets of Springfield, overcome by one of his attacks of melancholy, forgetting his obligation to his betrothed.

His explanation to Miss Todd, so far from inducing her to repudiate him, as her friends advised, drew her closer to him.

"Mary," he said, "I have already told you about her who left me. I loved her then and I love her now. My heart faints and sinks sometimes because I feel her presence by my side and I can not grasp her to my arms. I am trying, Mary, to do as I promised her when she lay in my arms, panting away her life. I am not heart whole, Mary, but I am sore and always will be true to you. Help me, Mary, not to forget my angel wife, for so she will always be to me, but to fulfill her wishes."

"Abraham," was the reply, "you are the man of my heart. I honor, esteem and love you, and whenever it shall please you to join your fortunes to mine, I will be ready, and try to be to you what Ann Rutledge would have me be."

Overcome with emotion, Lincoln rushed from her presence and did not call upon his betrothed for weeks, but she knew him and waited.

At last, on November 5, 1842, Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd became man and wife. The spirit of Ann Rutledge hovered near them and blessed them. During Lincoln's stormy life she was always with him, guiding him and directing his heart and mind.

A young soldier, nothing but a boy, was caught sleeping at his post. He was tried and sentenced to death in pursuance of an order of the President himself, who declared that this sort of thing was becoming too frequent and must be stopped, and that he would not interfere with the sentence imposed.

The young soldier had a little sister, who had read about "Uncle Abe," and she knew that he loved children. So she said to herself:

"If Uncle Abe knew how I love my brother, he wouldn't let him be shot." She went to the White House, and with the courage of innocence, passed the guard, the secretaries and the crowd of generals and visitors, straight up to Mr. Lincoln.

He smiled and took her hand. "What can I do for you, my little maid?"

She told her plain, simple story—how her brother, whom she loved, had been sentenced to be shot, that they were all mourning for him, and that if he was to die in that way it would break her heart.

Lincoln smiled kindly and laid his hand on her head.

"What is your name, my child?"

"Why, don't you know? Everybody knows me. I am Ann—"

She got no farther, for the strong arms suddenly raised her close to his breast, his cheek against hers. The brother was safe after that.

LETTER WRITTEN BY LINCOLN.

Illinois Man Prizes Relic of the Great President.

Cassius Irving of Metamora, Ill., recently obtained possession of a letter written by Abraham Lincoln, Oct. 5, 1863, from Pekin, Ill., to Peter Doty, circuit clerk at Metamora. At that time. The letter refers to a suit pending in the Woodford county court. The epistle is written on blue paper, being so folded as to answer without the necessity of an envelope. It is fastened with a red wafer and is marked "Paid three cents," no postage stamp being used. The rating stamp is very plain. Mr. Irving has refused an offer of $100 for the letter.

He also has a four-post bedstead of black walnut which stood for fifty years in the parlor of the Metamora house, built in 1843. Lincoln frequently slept upon this bed. Mrs. Speare, an English woman, was the proprietor of this hostelry for many years. Lincoln always stopped at Mrs. Speary tavern. When some of the effects of the hotel were sold recently Mr. Irving bought most of those with Lincoln associations.

Appreciated Girl's Honesty.

During the Civil War Miss N——, a high spirited Virginian young lady, whose father—a Confederate soldier—had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to obtain an audience with the President, but warned his young and rather impulsive young friend to be prudent and not betray her sympathy for the South. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden, and, looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?"

Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a fire eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied:

"Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!"

Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer, and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two, and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. When they had left the room Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity.

"Now you have done it," he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Miss N—— made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words:

"Pass Miss N—— She is an honest girl, and can be trusted.—A Lincoln."

IN LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Woman Living in New England Whose Father Was Born in the Historic Log Cabin—Stories of the Early Days.

Lincoln has been dead thirty-eight years.

Most of those who personally knew him have also passed on into silence, and, like Washington, he has become to the popular mind a sort of mystical figure, associated with a bygone age of dramatic heroism—a patron saint.

Although New England loved Lincoln as much as any other section of the country did, when it came to know him, yet he was always regarded as a characteristic product of the pioneer country, and although efforts not altogether successful have been made to show that he was of Hingham ancestry, never till now has Massachusetts been conscious of the presence in this locality of any living connection between the immortal railsplitter and our own soil.

Nevertheless for seventeen years one of the outcrops of Boston has harbored a woman who makes the proud boast that her father and Abraham Lincoln were first cousins; that both were born in the same rude log cabin in Kentucky, but three months apart, 1808-09, and that she herself is a grandniece of Lincoln's mother, the famous Nancy Hanks.

She is Mrs. Nellie M. Moore, who was born not many years before the outbreak of the civil war, in the then exceedingly primitive town of Frankford, Mo., and has been for three months past a resident of East Pepperell, Mass., where her husband, Charles W. Moore, is engineer in a mill.

Miss Hall, for that was Mrs. Moore's maiden name, spent only the first thirteen years of her life in Missouri, having been sent to a Kentucky boarding school at that age. She was married and lived in Louisville for some years, later removed to Cincinnati, and after the death of her husband came East, married Mr. Moore, a native of Massachusetts, and they lived for seventeen years in Atlantic, a part of Quincy, until they removed to Pepperell.

When asked to define her relationship to the martyred President, Mrs. Moore said:

"My father, William B. Hall, was a son of Martha Hanks, sister of Nancy Hanks, who married Thomas Lincoln and became the mother of Abraham Lincoln. So, you see, my father was first cousin and I was second cousin to the President.

"My grandfather, who married Martha Hanks, was Levi Hall, and they and Thomas and Nancy Lincoln were living together in the little log cabin in La Rue county, Ky., in 1809, when Abraham Lincoln was born there. My father was born three months later in the same cabin."

When questioned as to the antecedents of the Hanks, Lincoln and Hall families, Mrs. Moore says it is a tradition of all three families that they emigrated together from New England about 200 years ago to Pennsylvania, from there to Virginia and later to Kentucky, as they eventually did to Indiana and finally to Illinois and Missouri. She has been for some time engaged in investigating the possible early connection of the families with New England, and intends to prepare a genealogy embodying the results of her labors.

Continuing her story of the vicissitudes of the Lincoln, Hanks and Hall families, Mrs. Moore says:

"My aunt, Rosanna Hall, who rode from her home in Maryland to Kentucky behind her husband on his horse told me that there were Quakers among my ancestors, as there are said to have been in the Lincoln family. She also said that my great-grandfather was killed by the Indians at the same time that Abraham Lincoln's grandfather was, while they were clearing the ground to plant corn, on their arrival in Kentucky. It was she who told me my father was born in the Lincoln log cabin.

"Aunt Rosanna said that Abe Lincoln's mother used to walk five miles to mill to have her corn ground, or to buy a side of bacon, which with occasional mush or hoecorn cake, comprised their bill of fare the greater part of the time.

"Most of those who personally knew him have also passed on into silence, and, like Washington, he has become to the popular mind a sort of mystical figure, associated with a bygone age of dramatic heroism—a patron saint.

"My grandparents, Levi Hall and Martha Hanks, both died of the milk-sick, in Indiana, in 1818, about the same time that Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks, and her uncle and aunt Sparrow died. All were buried together in rude coffins constructed by Thomas Lincoln, who was now a widower with two small children. After Lincoln became President, someone erected a monument over his mother's grave in the wilderness, but Aunt Rosanna told me that the selection of the grave for the monument must have been mere guesswork, since none of the graves had ever been marked, and there was no means of identifying any one of them."

Coming to the subject of the migration of the survivors of the three families from Indiana to Illinois Mrs. Moore says:

"Joseph Hanks, who taught Thomas Lincoln, Abe's father, the carpenter's trade, just 100 years ago, was one of the first settlers in Illinois, having gone there from Kentucky about 1820. It was his son, the famous John Hanks, still living in Missouri, who in 1830 induced Thomas Lincoln, Dennis Hanks and my father to pull up stakes and also remove to Illinois, where Abe was destined to achieve that fame that gained for him the Presidency.

"Having arrived in Macon county, Ill., the party, which numbered thirteen, settled for a while. My father and Abe Lincoln were in their 21st year, and they, with John Hanks, Abe's second cousin, built the log cabin which some say was exhibited on Boston Common thirty years or more ago. They also split the famous fence rails that, at that time, campaign of which did much to arouse the enthusiasm in the north to arouse the enthusiasm in the Illinois convention in 1860, which secured the Presidential nomination for Lincoln.

"After serving as major in the Black Hawk war, in which Abe Lincoln was captain, my father became one of the earliest settlers in Missouri, and during the greater part of his life kept a tavern, first at Hannibal and later at Frankford.

"Frankford used to be visited by Indians sometimes, and if they didn't find whisky before they arrived, they were harmless, and their presence caused no uneasiness. But if they were drunk the news would quickly spread and school would be dismissed for the day.

"After a while a brick schoolhouse was built one and one-half miles from town, and to get there we had to fight our way through wild animals and snakes, for Missouri takes the blue ribbon for snakes. At the brick school we were furnished with a horn, and if wild animals or Indians were seen prowling about we blew the horn and the neighboring farmers got their guns and came to our rescue.

"When I was a little girl Aunt Sally, Abraham Lincoln's stepmother, used to visit us, and she frequently put me to sleep in her arms, but I never thought much about it till I was grown up and others reminded me of the distinction I had enjoyed.

"I often visited around among the Hankses in my childhood, too, and my especial favorite was Grandma Hanks, as we called John Hanks' mother, who lived in what is now known as Quincy, Ill. I used to hold her skein of yarn for her when she wound it into a ball, and during the centuries she would tell me stories of her early life in the pioneer days in Illinois.

"One story was in regard to a frolic such as used to come almost yearly to those who lived along the river bottoms eighty years or so ago. Grandma went several miles down the river on a raft, one day, to the mill, to have some corn ground, leaving the children in the log house. The river had been threatening to rise for several days, but the children well knew from former experiences, that if the river invaded the house they were to climb up on the roof for safety.

"The river rose while grandma was away and she toiled laboriously to get home as soon as she could. When she got nearly across she found everything afloat, and as she passed a tree that was well submerged she thought she heard a cry from the branches. She paddled to the tree, and there found her baby, John Hanks, afloat in his cradle, which had been washed through the door of the cabin, and had drifted about till it found lodgment in the top of the tree, where his mother found it.

"Another of her stories was about Guinea niggers. I suppose you don't know what Guinea niggers were, do you? Well, they were not uncommon in the days when slaves were brought from Africa. They were very small in stature and very unprepossessing in appearance and they were said to be cannibals.

"Grandma said that in her youth she knew a young couple who bought a pair of Guinea niggers. One day their little child disappeared and it was never seen again. They afterward found that the cannibals had eaten the child, and that were tanned for it.

"Grandma, like most of the Hankses and Lincolns, was an ardent Methodist. In her old age she always knitted just so much on a stocking every week day. One morning she was industriously engaged in the performance of her allotted stint, when some of the younger folks came in with their best clothes on.

"'Why, grandma! What are you doing?' somebody asked. 'Only knitting,' she replied with some surprise. 'What, knitting on Sunday, grandma?' 'Is this Sunday?' asked grandma, in amazement. When convinced that it was she unraveled every stitch she had done that morning, in order to close as far as possible for her desecration of the day."

Mrs. Moore describes having seen with some amusement Abraham Lincoln making a political speech in Missouri, arrayed in a long and exceedingly crumpled linen "duster," and a tall hat of ancient pattern. She says that when Lincoln was nominated for President his humble relatives among the Hankses held up their hands with amazed incredulity and exclaimed with practical unanimity: "Abe Lincoln for President? I don't believe it!"

"There was always something queer about the Hankses," she says; "for although they were among the earliest settlers in Illinois and had their pick of the land, and plenty of it, and some of them had large, productive farms, yet every one of them turned out as poor as Job's cat.

"My mother owned slaves before the war, but my father never did, nor did any of the Hankses, and for that reason they were called 'poor whites' by their neighbors who had slaves. All the Hankses were staunch supporters of the union during the civil war."—Boston Globe.